

Children of the Corn

"Harlem USA"

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[Cam'Ron]

Now I'm off on a rendezvous, disponible
Niggaz is comical, but I'm phenomenal
Jiggin niggaz abdominals, and solarplexes
I got to test I get my tech and wetcha
No need to make no lecture cause I'm taking all the
extras
Moves my heat makes, shooting and stabbing
everyone my peeps hate
The Killa "Sweepstakes" robbing you cheap skates
from each state, I love bitches with swollen hips
Dice to roll on "trips" got stolen clips
I hold and spit to get your colon split, nigga
Cause when I get vexed, I split necks, looking around to
seeing which one
I'm hit next, I lived inside a Trip-Plex
I used to get Wic checks, but that wasn't even my
theme
Started clapping for that cream, robbing Tavern on the
Green
To get away parolers with my soldiers, a bunch of high
rollers
that throw boulders, shooting women that push the
strollers
And that's the way that the baddest act, matter fact
where the fuck my gat is at? I live for drugs and rat-tat-
tat

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It don't matter what you do or say
We capping you, kilo capital, Harlem (Uptown) USA

[Bloodshed]

From here to Mexico, I clean up, like "The Professional"
Blessing you, with hollow point joints inside your
ventrical
I rap exceptional, captivate you like I have to hate you
Deactivate you from your brain then decapitate you
Then the coroners dispute, I toss fellas
Fuck Red and Blue I step to gang members wearing
"Cross Colors"

So stpe to this thirst from first Ave
Get your mother's purse grab, my shooty got more
bodies
then a hearse have
I'm leaving niggaz thicker than the resevoir
So if you stressing hard, I'll leave your whole fucking
chest in jars
Mics I be tearing them, from here to Maryland
I'm known to bury men and drug mics with more dope
then her-ion
I stash cash ain't no need for flashing
I love my techs more then sex so I guess I'm into "Heat
& Passion"
So take heed to what this thug said
Don't find out why they call me Bloodshed or you might
wind up with your mug spread

[Chorus]

[Cam'Ron]
I'm badgering, I stick the dagger in
Your neck is staggering, my pistol patering is flaterring
Your blood is splaterring, your family's gathering
I make proposals that are murderous
"That nigga Killa bugging notify Social Services"
And I stuck my dick in your daughter
Buck at the door, fucking the slore and
Running from cops, ducking reporters
Wetting niggaz like buckets of water
I'll rip you down with one clip
When my gun spit, run quick and don't come Uptown
with that dumb shit

[Chorus]

[Bloodshed]
Aiiyo my lyrics sound ill
I stay will a frown grill
I'm quick to let a round spill like homey the clown film
I smash fools like cashews
extort jewels and cash rules
ain't in vestes, then I just hold the weapon then blast
duke
I'll knock you out just like a sleep drug
You think you can defeat cus?
Well, I don't think that you can compete cause
What this bastard write be blasting mics
to drastic heights, I break backs in fights
attack with knives I jack and slice

[Chorus]

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